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Seeding From The Skies

Intriguing to the farmers of the prairie provinces, to say the least, is the information that in Soviet Russia grain and grass seed is being planted at the rate of two acres an hour by the use of aeroplanes and still more alluring is the suggestion that this method "really be used to seed the broad fields of the wide open spaces in Western Canada."

Both information and suggestion were promulgated by J. A. Stiles, O.B.E., Executive Commissioner of the Boy Scouts in Canada and former Dean of Applied Science at the University of Fredericton, New Brunswick, at a recent luncheon meeting in Regina. He volunteered the additional information that this method of seeding grain as adopted in Russia has the advantage of making it possible to seed fields covered with snow or mire after rains.

While evidence must be given to the Dean's statement that this practice has been, or is being, adopted in Russia, a good deal more information as to the conditions under which this operation is carried out and the results achieved therefrom before due weight could be given to his correlated suggestion that the Canadian west lends itself to this method of seeding grain, principally because of the flatness of the country—"landings could be made easily."

On the face of it there must necessarily be many factors, other than rate of landing, before this system of seeding could be pronounced a feasible plan for the Western Canadian farmer as a general thing.

For instance, it would be interesting to know whether in Russia the method has been adopted only in one or two isolated instances where special circumstances and conditions conspired to make it a feasibility, economic and otherwise, for example, on one of those large collective farms where the area is measured in square miles rather than in acres, and whether even on these huge farms the method is only in an experimental stage or was used as an emergency measure to speed up production in accord with a government quota.

It would be interesting, too, to know the results of the work carried on in Russia with an aeroplane travelling perhaps at 100 miles an hour or more blasting seed over the countryside in large quantities. Is it possible to broadcast seed in this manner from the fast travelling motor-propelled vehicle somewhere between earth and clouds without wasting large quantities of seed? Can grain seeded in this way be distributed thinly and evenly as it can be by a horse-drawn or even a tractor-drawn drill?

These are some of the questions the Western Canadian farmer would like to have answered before he would be prepared to renounce acquiescence to the good Dean's suggestion that such a method could easily be applied in this country.

And even if these questions were answered favorably to the plan and the satisfaction of the interrogator, there are others which would have to be answered satisfactorily before the Western Canadian farmer could be expected to warmly espouse the Dean's somewhat novel suggestion.

It is obvious, for instance, that the average three quarter section or section farmer could not afford to purchase an aeroplane to seed his crops, for that would be the only agricultural operation for which it could be used, except perhaps to spray the fields with insecticide or poison bait. The cost would be prohibitive in proportion to the return, no matter how good the yield and how high the price of grain. If it is to be adopted, therefore, it would have to be a custom proposition, if the average farmer is to be able to avail himself of this method of seeding.

If, therefore, such a system of seeding is to be adopted, to be of benefit to the average farmer it would either necessitate its operation by a large number of farmers on a co-operative basis or by some private individual or corporation willing to run the risk of making what must necessarily be a substantial investment remunerative. If the latter, it might necessitate a charge for seeding out of proportion to the benefits derived from fast seeding when conditions are ideal for germination of seed scattered from the skies.

There are, of course, advantages which could be credited to the seeding of grain fields by aeroplane. The speed with which it could be done and the large acreage which could be covered in a few hours would make it possible to put in a lot of crop when soil and moisture conditions are most receptive for the seed, but the factors in query and perhaps others would have to be first answered favorably before such a method could become general practice in Western Canadian grain fields.

It is probable that a great deal more information will have to be returned on this subject before the farmers of this country will take the chance of adopting Mr. Stiles' proposal.

Will Visit Province

So much of this Coronation year has been spent by the king in London that next year will be more or less devoted to the provinces. Tentative arrangements have been made for His Majesty to visit Nottinghamshire and Lancashire, probably in the spring, though no dates have been fixed, reports the Daily Herald.

Looks That Way

Jones—Must have been born lucky.
Friend—Why?
Jones—Well, I was at a football match yesterday and there were 22 players and a referee on the field, about 25,000 spectators on the ground, and the ball hit me.

Enough For Superstitions

A diamond fell out of the crown that the king was wearing during the coronation of George III., of England. When a score of years later, the American colonies seceded, His Majesty's separation pointed back to this incident.

Nearly 2,000 anglers training regularly every Sunday morning at Sheffield, England, for their favorite fishing spots.

Never allow silver spoons stained with egg to stand. Put them into cold water as soon as they are removed from the table.
The main pipe channels of New York harbor are kept free of mud and silt through the use of dredges.

You're Always Sure when you bake with

PARTY FORM
Best for all your Baking

Freedom Of Speech

Sir Edward Bratty Makes Appeal Before Students At Queen's University

Sir Edward Bratty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and chancellor of McGill University, told a convention, gathering at Queen's University, that "It is an appealing freedom of thought and speech, but within the limits of accurate knowledge, a sense of responsibility and the ordinary amenities of public life in a civilized community."

Principal speaker at the convention, Sir Edward was recipient of the honorary LL.D. degree. He called his appointment as chancellor of Queen's in 1919 and the fact he was chancellor of both Queen's and McGill from 1921 to 1923.

University heads had been charged with attempting to limit freedom of speech and expressing lively disapproval of the subject which formed the main part of his address. Nothing could be more untrue than the charges, he said.

"I have myself said, and I shall say again, that liberty of speech and thought are sacred, and nowhere is this truth more important than in the life of our universities," he continued. But Sir Edward contended there were limits within which these liberties may be exercised. "I am not at all sure," he said, "that it is equally wrong to proceed on the assumption that this freedom and these liberties may be carried with the obligation of seeing that they are not destroyed by the intemperance and irresponsibility of us as individuals."

South Seas Mystery

Island Found Deserted Was Profound Source Of Guano

The schooner Denys ran into a lonely South Seas mystery recently on a visit to Malden Island, 1,500 miles from the nearest land.

Malden, a prolific source of guano which regularly brought fortune to a cargo ship with guano, was found deserted under what looked like unusual circumstances.

The captain of the Denys reported that the island was found looking like a deserted warehouse filled with merchandise of every description, and numerous indications of a hurried departure by persons who inexplicably had been harvesting walrus in the guano trade.

Malden was deserted in 1848 by an American whaling captain. He noted the wealth of guano and decided to return and exploit it.

In the meantime another whaling boat came along. Her captain got the same idea but instead of delaying, threw his whaling plant overboard, sailed for Sydney and sold his discovery there for a comfortable sum of money.

The purchasing company worked the island for decades and was said to have amassed a great fortune. Then the Denys found the island inhabited only by pigs and sea birds. That all anyone knew.

Boy Overcoming handicap

Brave Lad Lost Both Arms In Accident Seven Years Ago

Winton, Ontario, May 13.—A 3-year-old boy who plays football, umpires baseball is skilled at drawing, writes well, reads a hicycle and has his share of fun. Nothing unusual about that. But in this case the boy is Bert Rouse who lost both his arms as the result of an accident seven years ago.

"They can who think they can" is the motto Bert holds before himself. It was inscribed in a book written by W. R. Watson, business man who lost his arms early in life, and who sent Bert copy of the work. When Bert was seven years old he grabbed wires carrying 6,000 volts while playing on a roof. Amputation of both arms was necessary.

Bert still has trouble cutting and dressing but he thinks he soon will have mastered these arts. He writes and draws with a pencil held in his teeth. He even goes fishing, holding the pole between his chin and the side of his neck.

He has confidence in the future. He even goes fishing, holding the pole between his chin and the side of his neck.

"Something will open up by the time I leave school," he said. "I know it will."

"Why have you no speedometer on your car?"
"I don't need one. At thirty miles an hour the lamps clatter; at forty the wings rattle; at fifty the whole car shakes; and I get any quicker than that my teeth chatter."

A turtle, when active, can refrain from breathing for a day or two. When hibernating, it can live for months without breathing.

Streets Of Gold

Unique Tourist Attraction Is Furnished By Dawson City

Dawson City, Yukon Territory, boasts a unique and somewhat startling tourist attraction. Streets of gold! After the recovery of the main gold content of gravel originating washed down from high levels above the Klondike Valley by a process of hydraulic operations, hundreds of tons of waste or "tailings" of a trace of gold still remains were used to grade the roads in and around the town. Of course, the actual gold content remaining is exceedingly small, but nevertheless the streets of Dawson are literally paved with gold.

Now a town of about a thousand souls, Dawson is in the heyday of the famous Klondike gold rush city of about 40,000 population. The original miners delved for gold with the old-fashioned gold pan and the "pay dirt" in rockers or sluices. Today-day hydraulic dredges are in operation in the Klondike area and the salvage of gold has become a fine art. The variety of odds and ends picked up by these mammoth machines includes large quantities of shot, bullet, cartridges, old pieces of metal, in addition to the variety of odds and ends and pieces of metal and shapes. At one time all this junk was simply thrown away, but a few years ago an enterprising change of the recovery process in an experimental model decided to treat several hundred pounds of this trash and small pieces of metal. As a result of this experiment pure gold worth several hundred dollars was recovered and now all bullets, shells, and bits of metal are carefully salvaged and treated to extract every last bit of wealth.

In common with other cities and towns Dawson has its parking and traffic problems. Scores of cars and trucks are parked along the streets and trails at all hours. Many of the famous "creeks" in the Klondike gold fields can be reached by motor car over a network of excellent roads.

A Troopship De Luxe

British Soldiers Will Enjoy Liner Comforts On New Boat

British soldiers sent to distant stations in the Empire or on foreign service who are fortunate enough to be carried on the troopship Dunera will travel in comfort luxurious for such vessels.

The vessel, of 11,160 tons, has been built for the British India Steam Navigation Company at a cost of \$2,500,000 and has just completed her first trip out of England.

The cabins are actually larger than the staterooms in many big liners. The vessel is completely equipped with a system of ventilation which is in use in the majority of the finest liners afloat. The troops' quarters are a surprise, as they are luxuriously furnished, and accommodation in the family quarters includes food-preparing room for parents with children, special ironing rooms and three-bed rooms in which are soft and comfortable beds for children.

Every cabin in the ship has a portfolio, and every bathroom has a bath and a shower bath. The officers will probably be engaged in the passenger cruising service when not required for transport purposes.

A Statue Of Livingstone

Has Found A Permanent Home In Southern Rhodesia

The life-sized marble statue of David Livingstone which for some years was housed at the Glasgow University and was last year shipped to Southern Rhodesia, has found a permanent home in Salisbury. The new Government office which are being built in Salisbury. After a thorough cleaning it will remain on all time in the place of honor.

The statue shows Livingstone in a striped, spurring chain and breeches as the symbols of slavery. The sculptor—and by the way his name is ingatone's many interests by putting a bundle of papers in his left hand, and a sextant in his right, while he peers out of his pocket. Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Most In Economy

MacPherson and his neighbor were discussing economy.
"What price do you pay for coal?"
"Oh, we dinna use coal. We have central heating!"
"But we need coal for central heating!"
"Not us. We use peppercorns!"

There are more than 15,000,000 apple trees in England, yet the country imports 337,000 tons of apples every year.

THE FAVORITE STANDARD OF QUALITY

ALICE STEVENS' RECIPES

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO HANG PICTURES IN YOUR HOME?

Do you have to look up at the pictures in your living-room? If you do, they are not hung correctly. The centre of the picture should be on a level with the eye, so that the picture can be seen to proper advantage. The centre of the pictures on the same wall, should be in a line rather than the tops or the bottoms.

Do your pictures lie flat against the wall or are they tilted? They should be flat against the wall, otherwise the picture seems unbalanced.

Do you see only the picture or is your attention divided between the wire and the picture? There should be no wire formed into a V over a hook. There should be two wires used for heavy pictures and for small pictures no wire at all should be seen.

Do your pictures show up against their background or is there too much design in your wall covering? A small quiet design is best for wallpaper.

Do your pictures fit the wall space in which they are hung? A wide picture should not be placed in a narrow space.

Do you have too many pictures on your walls? It is much better to avoid overcrowding. Put some of your pictures away and show them out later for a change.

Do your pictures express your personality? You judge by the pictures found in your home. Have you some copies of good prints? Do your pictures express beauty or tell a story?

Readers are invited to write to Alice Stevens Home Service for free advice on home cooking and household problems. Address letters to Winnipeg Newspaper Co., 215 McDermott Ave. E., Winnipeg, Man.

Woollen Mill Opened

Rural Manitoba Town Establishes A New Industry

An event of more than passing interest, and one that may have important significance in the development of the West, took place when the new woolen mill of the Spin-Well Woollen Mills was officially opened by two Manitoba cabinet ministers.

The building is 100 feet long, 40 feet wide, two stories in height, and a concrete boiler room attached. The mill is equipped with machinery for producing wool, yarn, men's socks, comforters, sleeping robes and will be producing blankets shortly. The wool washing and drying equipment is capable of a production of 200 pounds per hour. This large plant is a considerable interest to farmers as it enables the company to give quick service to custom work, which is a large part of the business now being done.

The official opening took place on October 14th, the Hon. J. B. Griffith, Minister of Health and Public Welfare, officiating. He was accompanied by the Hon. W. R. Chubb, Minister of Public Works, and the Hon. R. Hawkins, Speaker of the House. The Hon. W. R. Chubb in his remarks complimented the directors on their initiative and enterprise. As the Minister presided over the administration of relief, he stated he was extremely gratified to see what had been done in this town, to create employment and hoped that other towns would take notice of the development, as he could see how the problem of unemployment was being solved to a great extent through the establishment of industry using the products of the farm.

Wanted Effort

The canvasser called at the voter's door and was duly invited inside. After he went into his act.

He presented the candidate. He gave facts and figures. He presented new arguments and old ones, all very reasonable.

The householder listened for an hour or more with rapt attention.

Finally, the home-owner raised his face and said:
"I'm convinced," he said. "I've no answer to your arguments. I'd vote for the watching of the treasury if you represent only for one thing."
"What's that, sir?"
"My name is not on the voters' list."

To hatch the egg of a hen, a Fahrenheit of 104 degrees Fahrenheit sustained for a period of three weeks is necessary.

System Is Efficient

Poultry Being Raised And Skyscrapers Of New York

City born-and-bred chickens are likely to replace the barnyard variety throughout most of the "built-up" areas of the United States. Poultry raising amid the skyscrapers of New York is now being carried on with the full approval of the city's health departments. The fowls are incubated, hatched out, and spend the whole of their lives in small metal containers, and when they fall to lay a profitable number of eggs, they are taken to market and marketed all in the same building.

One large New York hotel supplies its dining rooms with broilers and eggs produced in its own plant, situated on the roof.

So efficient and labor-saving is this system that it is claimed that one attendant can care for 15,000 birds. Each hen is housed in a separate small metal box. When she lays an egg it drops into a collecting box—Armstrong Machine (London).

Piper Must Be Paid

Governments Have To Raise Money For Public Services

Nowhere is there any great upsurge of public demand to restrict or reduce services which municipal governments perform. Virtually every municipal body is constantly facing demands for increased services, but there seems never to go with that demand any realization that the cost of such expansion must be met. Frequently, too, original appropriations for new services are small, but entail commitments for larger expenditures in the future. If tax limits are to be imposed, it seems only reasonable that there should be a limit, too, on the number, kind and quality of services a municipal body is to furnish—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Long Service Record

Speaking of long service records, here's one to shoot at: At West Norwood, England, a man has completed 67 years as superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School.

In the torrid zone, where the sun is always raining great showers, the new moon always "lies on its back," in the position popularly called the dry moon.

Cotten is cultivated in 19 states of the Union.

I LEARNED TO BEAT ACID INDIGESTION

ONCE LIFE WAS MISERABLE. NO APPETITE... LITTLE SLEEP... UNTIL THE DOCTOR SAID "ALKALIZE"

BUT NOW—AT THE FIRST SIGN OF ACID-INDIGESTION I USE PHILLIPS' AND I FEEL LIKE A NEW PERSON ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

Use it this way. Take 2 Phillips' tablets—equal in "alkalizing" effect to 2 teaspoonfuls of liquid Phillips' from the bottle. At once you feel "fresh" and "well-crowding" from hyper-acidity begin to ease.

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ASPIRIN

MADE IN CANADA

WHAT HO!

By Arrangement With Thomas Allen, Publisher, Toronto.

CHAPTER 1—Continued

"It's not a question of price," said Ernest. "That's a far enough offer considering that I started this business with nothing but a capital of twenty-nine cents, my diploma from the MacGrunder College of Taxidermy, and six white mice. But you see, Mr. Slouman, this is more than just a business to me. It is—"

Ernest blushed, what you might call my life-work. Maybe you'll laugh at me, Mr. Slouman, but I tell you that the money I make here is really secondary to the pleasure I get out of doing jobs like this—"

He patted the mane of the horse Tartar.

"Good boy," he appended, "I don't make very much money. Barely enough to live on, as a matter of fact."

"Ernie," said Mr. Slouman, smiling. "I'm afraid you'll never be a trader. Now, if somebody else had wanted to buy my business do you think I'd tell him I was dragging one foot in the red ink? No, sir! I'd tell him I was making so much money I had to hire a man and boy to count it."

Ernest smiled.

"I guess I'm not much of a business-man," he admitted.

The shop bell tinkled.

"Excuse me," he said. "A customer, I hope."

He opened the door and permitted Mr. Slouman to pass into an atmosphere redolent with the perfume of parrots and poodles. A large, portly man in a top hat and a woman in a long black dress stood at the counter. At first sight she looked like one of Ernest Bingley's more pretentious clients in the field of taxidermy, for her ample, well-cushioned form was swathed in the long fur of that most expensive little animal, the mink.

Ernest Bingley made a curtly bow.

"How do you do, Mr. Wyncoop?" he said.

"Hello, Ammina, how's tricks?" said Mr. Slouman.

She favored them both with a nod that was one-fifth of an inch from top to bottom, and a heavy winking.

"Wish I could stay and have a chat about old times, Ammina," said Mr. Slouman, a look of malicious glee shining in his face. "but I got to go and sell some shoes to the folks who believe in patrimonial home-town merchandise. So long."

From Mrs. Wyncoop's artistic expression it was possible to glean the thought that if Mr. Slouman went

a most remote and torrid spot and remained there indefinitely it would be entirely satisfactory to her.

When the door had snapped at the rubber heels of the departing couple, Mr. Wyncoop said:

"Is he ready?"

"Indeed he is, Mr. Wyncoop," said Ernest. "I shall be happy to have you inspect him. Will you kindly step into the studio?"

Mrs. Wyncoop unleashed a long, netted and gazed upon the fruit of many weeks of painstaking work. She looked nothing like the thing. By no such much as the quiver of a chin did she signify approval, or disapproval. Ernest regarded her expectantly, nervously. Still she made no comment.

Finally Ernest faltered, "Well, do you like him?"

In a thrushy alto Mrs. Wyncoop said:

"There's a patch of hair on his—"

"—er's, which needs smoothing."

"So sorry," said Ernest. He had ruffled the hair in scrambling off the horse. He smoothed the offending patch. He waited, but no word of criticism was forthcoming.

"I'll replace her forgetrite in its holster."

"Deliver him to The Pines immediately," she said, and turned to go.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Wyncoop," said Ernest. "I want to ask you something."

She expelled an icy monosyllable.

"Well?"

"Just what you're doing," began Ernest, beset by embarrassment, "if you would mind, that is, if you would be so good as to permit me to exhibit Tartar to the state fair next month."

"Why, pray?"

"Well, you see," said Ernest, "I sort of thought I'd exhibit some of my work there. I've got an idea for an exhibit, a complete collection of all the birds and animals native to Iowa, mounted and arranged by me. There's a prize, you know, for the most interesting exhibit of Iowa products, and I thought I might have a chance to win it. I could use a few dollars, Mr. Wyncoop. My collection is pretty complete, but it lacks a buzzard and a horse. I can get the buzzard easily enough, but horses are scarce—studied ones, mean—and so—"

"You may not exhibit Tartar," said Mr. Wyncoop. "I can assure you that Mr. Wyncoop will not permit you to go to Good-day."

"But," protested Ernest, "he is my work, the best thing I've ever done—and if you'd loan him to me—just for that week—"

"But if you attempt to show our property, you will hear from our attorneys, I promise you."

"But see here, Mr. Wyncoop, I—"

"Good day to you," she cut in, and stood out through the pet shop to watch the latest line of luncheon.

"You're an odd bird," croaked a harsh voice.

As she passed his perch, a second bird, a parrot, an African grey, thrust out its beak and nipped her on the ear.

It was a bad gone, Ernest made the parrot a swear.

Then he returned to his studio and gave the room coat of Tartar a final smoothing.

"Good-by old boy," he said.

He took an old olive drab army blanket from his bed and put it on the horse.

"Why," he asked aloud, "can't people be nice?"

As the question unanswered, he went out into his pet shop, and somewhat morosely doled out to all the birds and animals native to Iowa, mounted and arranged by me. There's a prize, you know, for the most interesting exhibit of Iowa products, and I thought I might have a chance to win it. I could use a few dollars, Mr. Wyncoop. My collection is pretty complete, but it lacks a buzzard and a horse. I can get the buzzard easily enough, but horses are scarce—studied ones, mean—and so—"

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As he passed his perch, a second bird, a parrot, an African grey, thrust out its beak and nipped her on the ear.

It was a bad gone, Ernest made the parrot a swear.

Then he returned to his studio and gave the room coat of Tartar a final smoothing.

"Good-by old boy," he said.

He took an old olive drab army blanket from his bed and put it on the horse.

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Ernest and swept the ground in deep obedience.

"Greetings and salutations, Sir Ernest," said one.

"It is a Lordship to-day," said the other.

Ernest, with a struggle, summoned up his wits.

"Hello, Joe, Hello, Chuck," he said, affably.

He hurried on, trying not to keep his eyes on the Royal March they whistled after him.

In the lobby of the New American House (Room 11 and up) two men were embedded in worn leather chairs, idly watching the passing pageant of Main Street through the broad plate-glass window.

One of them was Harry Lewis, on the road for a New York hat house, and he was yawning gold-toothily at the idea of being stymied for the night in Bear Falls when he might have been taking out that red-headed cigar-giant girl in Davenport.

He was an eagle-bested, jockey-like man in a light-pepper-green and a Super-Wonder Derby (Fall Mail Style, \$2.05, retail), and the stub of a cold cigar seemed a permanent part of his hairy hand.

The other lobby-stayer was a native son, one of the Ten Thousand, and he had the silver of his hairy hand for twenty years, although his wife hadn't. Messrs. Lewis and Cooke were exchanging recipes for winning the favor of ladies met casually on railroad trains.

"What do you do for fun in this town?"

"I'll show you," said Cooke. "Here comes the town clown."

"The punk in the comic hat?" asked Lewis.

"Yep."

"Why are those two petty-larceny shavers loitering to him like that?"

"They're kidding him."

"Some fun," grunted Lewis. "Does that pass for kidding in this part of the country?"

"Just wait," promised Cooke. "I'll call him in. All you got to do is follow my lead. Let it be."

"I get it," said Lewis, looking wise and metropolitan. "Who is the sap?"

Bingley's name, Ernest Bingley, Cooke told him.

"Cuckoo!"

"No. That is not exactly. He's bright enough when it comes to books and stuff like that."

"Cooke," said Lewis. "But he's full of nutty stuff."

"Such as?"

"Well, he thinks he's somebody."

"Who?" queried Lewis. "Napoleon?"

"Oh, no. He's not that way," said Cooke. "Just thinks he's got an ancestor."

"Well, ain't he?" asked Lewis.

"Sure. So have I," said Cooke. "But I don't want to show our people the folk of the around here. But Ernest Bingley's different. The boys don't like you to be different in this part of the country."

"Yeah, I noticed everybody was pretty much alike around here," said Lewis.

As Ernest passed the hotel, Cooke rapped on the window with his imitation cane, and the waiter called Ernest to come in. Ernest hesitated, then started into the lobby.

"Now watch me kick the pants off him," he whispered Cooke.

"Ernest Bingley," said Cooke. "I can do for you."

"Why, yes, there is, Ernest, my boy," said Cooke, with exaggerated cordiality.

"I want you to meet the Duke of Lumbard."

(To Be Continued)

Outwitted The Enemy

Chinese Engine Driver Steals Mink

Amn. Japan, December 10.

A story of the capture of a train-load of Japanese munitions by a Chinese railway engineer was circulated by the Chinese Central News Agency.

The agency's Cheungchow correspondent said Chinese locomotive drivers were forced to operate munitions trains outward from Peiping on the Peiping-Hankow Railway line and that the train, taking advantage of absence of Japanese guards from his train, drove the engine train into the Chinese lines at Cheng-tu-tu.

Brown: "My wife thinks of me getting hot and muddering and go. I'm getting tired of it."

June: "Well at least, she's in the fashion."

Brown: "Yes, but she's such a failure at it. In golf she hits nothing and in muddering she hits everything."

When powdered or confectioner's sugar becomes lumpy, drop it through a fine-meshed sieve or roll with a rolling pin.

Successful vaccination against disease has been performed on sil-worms.

When People Felt Safer

British Prime Minister Longs For The Old Days

Prime Minister Chamberlain yearned for the "good old days" in addressing the Association of British Chambers of Commerce at Manchester.

"It is a Lordship to-day," said the other.

"Hello, Joe, Hello, Chuck," he said, affably.

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THE CARBON CHRONICLE

Issued Every Thursday at
CARBON, ALBERTAMember Alberta Division Canadian
Weekly Newspaper Association
EDOUARD J. ROULEAU,
Editor and Publisher

CLASSIFIED

PERSONAL

MEN! GET VIGOR AT ONCE! NEW
Ostreux Tonic Tablets contain rare
active ingredients and other stim-
ulants. One dose gives up organs,
glands. If not delighted, make re-
funds price paid—\$1.25. Call, write
McKibbin's Drug Store.

FOR SALE—Two wagons, one hot
sleigh and one cutter—Apply to Mrs.
Jennie Ramsey, Carbon.

WATCH REPAIRING

Mail your watch to us for repair.
Expert workmanship, low rates. Your
guarantee. Follows watches, diamonds,
etc. Mott, Ross, Greenburg, Sask.

LOST

LOST—Two sets of clothes: two black,
one spotted with white; Apple & B. Hatfield,
phone 107, Carbon.

FOR SALE

—“Need cheap” items for sale at a
reasonable price. Small lot, mod-
ern style, excellent. Also, various commodities
to persons in better quality. Phone
10, Carbon.

Have you something to sell or trade?
Try a “Chronicle” in The Chronicle.
The cost is small compared to the
results obtained.

THEATRE

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28

GARRY COOPER and

JEAN ARTHUR

— IN —

“THE PLAINSMAN”

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4

“GORGEOUS HUSSEY”

FOR SATISFACTORY

DRAYING

AND REASONABLE

PRICES, PHONE

JAS. SMITH

S. N. WRIGHT

LICENSED AUCTIONEER

S. F. TORRANCE, Clerk, Phone: 9

CARBON UNITED CHURCH

W. H. McDONNOLD, B.A., B.D.
Minister

Mrs. A. P. McKibbin, Organist
Mrs. Bruce Ramsey, Choir Leader
Jas. Gordon, Sunday School Supt.

Carbon, 11:00 a.m. Belcher, 3:30 p.m.
Ardena, 7:30 p.m.

Sunday School, 12:10 a.m.

Sermon Tonic Sunday, October 31st.
“Keep Within Saving Distance
of Jesus Christ”

CHRIST CHURCH, CARBON

Services will be held as follows:
1st and 3rd Sundays in month, 11 a.m.
2nd and 4th Sundays, 7:30 p.m.
5th Sunday in month by arrangement

REV. S. EVANS is charge

SHAYERS FUNERAL HOME

— AGENT —

C. FRIESEN, CARBON,

— of the —

“CORNER CLOTHING”

Complete Funerals, \$50 Up

TOWN & COUNTY
Personalographs

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Besant spent
Thursday and Friday of last week in
Calgary.

Mrs. Pamphyl H.N., returned to her
home in Brambling last Thursday.

Mrs. Alexander has returned from
a two months' visit with relatives at
the Pacific Coast.

L. G. McQuade of Calgary was a
Carbon visitor for a couple of days
last week.

Miss Rosalie Reed of East Can-
ton Sunday at her home in Carbon.

C. W. Gray was a week-end visitor
to Calgary. Mr. Gray has moved out
of his home at his home in Carbon and
is now living in Calgary.

Maes Wilfred and Laver new
P.V.s, and Miss Jennie Thompson, were
Sunday visitors at the home of Mr.
and Mrs. Jim Smith.

Miss Grace Cameron spent a couple
of days in Calgary the first of the
week, going to see Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. C. R. Oakley of
Calgary arrived in town Sunday and are
visiting with Mrs. M.J. Elliott.

Mrs. T. Ramsey, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs.
L. Dixon and Mrs. Brown were visit-
ors to Drumheller on Monday.

TRAVEL BY BUS—LOWER FARES

—A Halloween Supper, with baked
beans will be held in the Farmers Ex-
change Hall on Saturday, October 30,
from 5:30 to 7:30, under the auspices
of the Carbon W. A.

Mrs. Jennie Ramsey moved into the
Charlton house, next door to Alex
Reid's residence, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Torrance and Mrs. McKibbin
motored to Calgary on Tuesday.

Remember the auction sale, to be
held at the Jas. Phillips' farm on
Friday, October 29th.

Mrs. R. Heath was a visitor to
Drumheller on Saturday.

Gordon Culmen is driving a Ford
V-8, purchased recently.

Halloween falls on Sunday this
year. No doubt the town youngsters
will be out for their annual haul-out.

The Builders' Hardware fall sale
ends this Saturday, October 30th. This
will be your last opportunity to buy
hardware at reduced prices.

“Boy, I’m scared! I just got a letter
from a man telling me he’d shoot me
if I didn’t stay away from his daugh-
ter.”

“Well, all you have to do is to stay
away from his daughter.”

“Yeah, but he didn’t sign his name.”

Snicklefritz----



IT'S TIME TO CHECK
YOUR RADIO!
Ask your local Dealer for
Westinghouse
RADIO TUBES
and
RADIOS
CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY, LIMITED
DEALERS AT EDMONTON AND CALGARY

Detroit Traffic Cop, hawling out an
unassuming lady motorist: “Don’t you
know what I mean when I hold up my
hand?”
She, meekly: “I ought to, I have
seen a school teacher for twenty-five
years.”

A colored preacher was talking to
his congregation about free salvation.
Finally his sermon was finished and
then he said: “Now, Brother Smith,
will you take up the collection?”

At this point an old darky got up
and started for the door, saying,
“Parson, Ah thought you said salva-
tion was free—free as the water we
drink.”

“Well, brother,” replied the preach-
er, “salvation is free and water is free
but when we pipe it to you, you have
to pay for the piping.”

TRAVEL BY BUS—LOWER FARES

Christmas

in the

Old Country

SPECIAL

LOW

RAIL

FARES

NOV. 15 to JAN. 5

RETURN LIMIT

5 MONTHS

from Stations Edmonton,

Calgary, Macleod and East

THROUGH SLEEPING CARS
TO THE SEABOARD

MONTECLAIR — Dec. 3
DUCHESS OF BEDFORD — Dec. 10
DUCHESS OF RICHMOND — Dec. 14
DUCHESS OF ATHOL — Dec. 15

Sailings from Halifax one day later.

For full information ask Ticket Agent

Canadian Pacific

ORDER YOUR

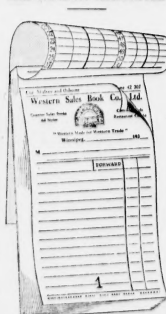
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FROM

THE CARBON CHRONICLE



ASK FOR PRICES

YOUR
LITTLE SAVINGS...
FINANCE
MORTGAGE LOANS

TENS of thousands of Canadian farms and
homes benefit from first mortgage loans
made possible by the accumulated savings of
Life Insurance policyholders.

For every borrower, there are six thrifty
people who supply the necessary funds.

This fact affords a striking illustration of
the “double duty” performed by Life Insurance
dollars. Not only do they ensure financial
security for the men, women and children of
Canada, but they also help to build and finance
their farms and homes.

Life Insurance companies exercise the
greatest care in the selection of properties
upon which mortgage loans are made. To
safeguard the savings of policyholders, security
of principal and interest is and must always be
the first consideration.

LIFE
INSURANCE

GUARDIAN OF CANADIAN HOMES



PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION?

Judging By Experience

JUDGING BY EXPERIENCE A GOOD PLACE TO DELIVER
YOUR GRAIN IS YOUR U.G.G. ELEVATOR.

THAT, FOR MANY YEARS, HAS BEEN THE EXPERIENCE
OF THOUSANDS OF FARMERS THROUGHOUT WESTERN
CANADA.

DELIVER YOUR GRAIN TO

UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LTD.
ELEVATOR AT SWALWELL